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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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BUILDING A TEMPLE

A builder builded a temple.
He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw its beauty
"It shall never know decay."
Great is thy skill, O builder:
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care.
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

THE BIG FOUR

Jordan is counting on you to play some good football at quarterback this year, and I know you will not disappoint us. Practice opens on September 15th, with the first day of school. The rules forbid us from holding workouts before that date, but I am expecting every man who wants to play on the Varsity this year to begin his own personal training on September 1st. This is because our schedule is a hard one, and I want every man to be in condition for strenuous work when he reports. I hope you will take good care of yourself, beginning with the 1st; it may not be necessary for me to ask you, but I am asking every candidate.

Jimmy Byers, ex-Lockerbie and Jordan freshman quarterback, candidate for the same position on Jordan's Varsity eleven, read and reread this letter from Coach Phillips as his train neared the university town. After a summer of working in a railroad office in New York, Jimmy had spent a few days in Cleveland with his buddy, big Les Moore, and a week with relatives in Wisconsin. Now, anxious to get back to the university and start to work on studies and football alike, he was reaching the campus two days before school opened.

Suitcase in hand, he clambered down from the Chicago chaircar, the luxury of which he had bought because the ride from the "Windy City" was a long one, and the first man he saw was big Jake Hillgoss, Michigan farmer boy studying medicine at Jordan, and prospective center on the eleven.

"Hi, Jim," yelled the black-haired giant, waving a big paw as he shouldered his way through the crowd gathered to meet incoming students. "How's the boy?"

"Jake, how you've grown," laughed Jimmy, dropping his suitcase for a two-fisted handshake with the huge fellow.

"Two hundred and twelve," said Jake. "But you don't look so bad yourself."

"I'm not a growing boy like you," Jimmy replied. "Weigh a hundred and sixty-two, at that, training in a railroad office."

"Poor little shrimp," muttered Jake, in mock sympathy. "C'mon. Let's go out to the house and eat. Rush committee's got a car over here. Make them carry us out. Save all your steam, eat like a horse, and maybe you can get on the squad. C'mon."

He grabbed Jimmy's suitcase with one hand and Jimmy's arm with the other and led the way to a car filled with boys from the fraternity house. After a lot of handshaking, including the exchange of the Greek grip, Jimmy piled in, and the car whirled away through town to the campus. Jimmy, an orphan, felt that he was back home among his own people. Only the absence of Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, second and third of the Three Musketeers from Lockerbie, kept the setting from being perfect and complete.

"When are Les and Bill coming?" asked Jake, as they entered the house.

"Tomorrow, and they're coming together," Jimmy replied. "Billy came on from New York two or three days ago, and stopped to visit with Les."

Jimmy and Jake made arrangements to room together with a senior, who, with a new freshman,

would make their room organization complete. And then they reported to the rush captain for duty. They spent the evening helping entertain prospective pledges for the fraternity, and both boys threw themselves into the spirit of thing. Both, however, would have preferred talking football. Between times, for they were up and on the go until midnight, they found occasion to swap news. Jimmy told of his leave of absence with pay from the railroad, which would relieve him of the need for waiting on table for his board.

"And my dad told me he'd pay my way this semester, so I could have a chance to make the team," said Jake. "If I make it, and make a 'B' average in grades, he says he will figure some way to back me till I'm through school. Put it up to me, see?"

"Yeah, and you can swing it," Jimmy declared. "Gosh, I wish Les and Billy would roll in."

"See 'em this summer, any?" "Week-ended with Bill every week and passed and kicked the old ball around," said Jim. "And I was at Les's house a week ago for a couple of days. Les looks good."

"Bill still spoiling his stomach?" queried Jake, with a grin.

"Thinks it will put on weight—all this eating and drinking," Jimmy replied.

"Coach'll take that idea out of his head," said Jake, confidently.

Next morning about six o'clock Jimmy and Jake, sleeping in a double-decker bed in the top floor dormitory, were rudely awakened. Jimmy, in the top bunk, was dragged out and thrown unceremoniously upon Jake, sleeping below. And then other figures leaped upon the pair, to roll and rough them until they were wideawake. The two sleepers gave battle unconsciously until they joyfully fell upon the newcomers and hugged them.

"Come on a night train," exclaimed husky Les Moore.

"Couldn't wait," added Billy, a tall, slender chap. "And when we get here ahead of time to see you guys, here you are asleep instead of meeting all trains. Fine kind of welcome—"

"Who're you, to want a welcome?" demanded Jake, roughly.

"Hey, you guys, get outa here," came a Senior voice.

"Beat it, and let us sleep," shouted another, awakened by the rumpus.

The four of them went downstairs to Jimmy and Jake's room, where they sat for an hour, talking of everything under the sun. Presently there was a lull in the excited conversation, and Jake Hillgoss, pulling on his trousers, spoke up in a slow, deliberate voice.

"Listen, you fellows," he began.

"There are three of you. I know you—Three Musketeers and all that appesauce. Well, there are four of us now—get that? To be on the square, you got to have four—"

"The Big Four," yelled Billy Armstrong.

"New York, Cleveland, Michigan and Wisconsin," added Les.

"Big Four?" queried a sleepy voice from the doorway. The boys looked around and beheld Tony Hammond, a Senior, Law—Jimmy and Jake's senior, coming in from the dormitory to dress. "Big Four? Where do you get that stuff? Sophomores, all of you."

"Four aces," declared Billy.

"And the sign of the Four," added Jimmy, "is—is—"

"A twenty-yard gain," Les Moore came up with reinforcements. "Five yards apiece—that's us," Jake chimed in.

"Oh, you children run along now and get your oatmeal and milk," chided Hammond. "I've got a hard day ahead of me, and I want to start it right. Can't be bothered with you. Beat it!"

"What a nice friendly Senior you fellows have got," said Billy, near the door. He ducked out into the corridor a step ahead of a flying shoe, flung hard at him by Hammond.

"Say, young fellow," roared Hammond, leaping toward the door. But Billy was well out of reach, and the three other Sophomores followed him, careful not to

offend the lordly Senior themselves. At breakfast, and for an hour thereafter, the members of the new Big Four enjoyed themselves in riotous reunion. They talked football more than anything else, for all of them were anxious to get out upon the field and start in pursuit of regular places on the Varsity. Jake reported that he had been working on a farm all summer and felt tough as leather. Les said he had spent most of the summer in a steel mill.

"And Coach's letter asking me to go in training—that gave me a laugh," he added. "Why, I was already hard as nails when I got it."

"Gave me a laugh, too," said Billy. "Punk idea—training before the season starts. I'll start training tomorrow at noon, when the practice season begins—and not till then."

"That's no spirit," commented Jake.

"And when you guys are all stale, halfway through the schedule, I'll be in the old pink, ready and rarin' to go."

"If we all did that, we'd lose all the early games," Jimmy pointed out. "Nope, Billy, we got to begin now, if we haven't started already."

"Not me," Billy insisted. "But the coach's letter asked us—" began Jake, slowly.

"But he's not our boss till school opens, I tell you," Billy declared, stubbornly.

Jimmy Byers said nothing, for he feared that further opposition would merely make Billy all the more stubborn.

He waited for an opportunity to talk to Billy alone, hoping he could reason with the New York millionaire's son. But the opportunity did not come, for the rush committee took charge of the four a little later and sent them hurrying here and there on errands for the fraternity. Before noon, happening to pass the Soda Keg, Jimmy saw Billy inside with two other boys, one obviously a new freshman, regaling himself with ice-cream drinks.

Disappointed, for he was old-fashioned enough to want to do everything thoroughly, Jimmy hoped that Billy would go no further in his disregard of training requirements. Even the beginnings of football practice call for fairly good condition on the part of candidates. He wanted Les and Billy and Jake, all three, to have every chance at the Varsity, along with himself. And he knew that Billy, although clever and quick, a fast runner and good ball handler, lacked the physique to withstand a hard game.

A few minutes after he passed the Soda Keg, he met Coach Phillips, who greeted him heartily and stopped to chat. When the coach passed on, Jimmy turned about to watch him and saw, with some misgivings, that he entered the Soda Keg. At noon he missed Billy. During the afternoon, he went to the gymnasium, found some light track togs, and went out on the football field to pass and kick a ball for an hour or two. Jake Hillgoss appeared, too, but Les and Billy did not come. The coach, of course, did not appear, for rules prevented him from working with his squad until the morrow.

That evening, Jimmy's misgivings were justified. And the day that had begun so joyfully for the Big Four turned to dull gloom.

"Call for Kangaroo Court, call for Kangaroo Court," a voice shouted through the corridors of the fraternity house, about eleven o'clock. Rush entertainment was over for the evening. Most of the boys, Jimmy among them, were getting ready for bed.

"Hear ye, hear ye, and oyez, oyez," came the shout. "Call for Kangaroo Court!"

This was new stuff to Jim Byers. As a freshman, he had never been haled into Kangaroo Court for any offenses, and, as that is the only way in which a freshman gets into court, he had naturally learned nothing of it. In common with all others who heard the cry, however, he turned out. Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors gathered in the big living-room, where they found Tony Hammond enthroned on a big chair behind a long table, placed crosswise at one end of the room.

Kangaroo Court, in case you have never been haled before it, is an informal but serious affair. Jim Byers

watched the proceedings with interest, not dreaming what was to come.

"Let the prisoner be brought in," shouted Tony Hammond.

Almost instantly big Les Moore and Billy Armstrong appeared through the door of the sun room, in which they had evidently been waiting. Jimmy guessed who was prisoner, and who was his keeper.

"Bring him before the bar," Tony ordered. Billy, with a foolish grin, shuffled to a position in front of the Kangaroo judge. "What's the charge, officer?" Tony demanded of big Les Moore.

"Drinking," replied Les, in a low tone, as if unwilling to speak.

"A serious charge," commented the judge, shaking his head solemnly. "Prisoner at the bar, I am your judge. These good men and true are your jury. Have you an attorney, or shall I name one to represent you?"

"Jim Byers," mumbled Billy.

"A very able pleader, and I was about to name him for you myself," said Tony Hammond. "And opposed to him will be Jerry Davis, of moot-court fame. Mr. Davis is prosecutor."

Jimmy, surprised at the whole situation, did not know what to do. He was horrified at the thought that Billy had been drinking and could hardly believe it. And he hardly knew whether the proceedings were all in fun or really serious. In a few minutes he found out the truth.

"Are the attorneys ready?" Take your corners, gentlemen," proclaimed Tony facetiously. "Now then, let the case proceed."

Noting that Davis took his place at one end of the table, Jimmy got to his feet and stationed himself at the other end.

"The officer will tell his story, Your Honor," said Davis, a short, fat youth of probably twenty-three years. He waved a plump hand at Les Moore.

"Officer," commanded Tony Hammond.

"Your Honor," began Les, who stopped at the Soda Keg with the prisoner about half past nine to get myself a glass of milk. He ordered a double chocolate cream. Before I had finished my milk, he had another double chocolate. While he was drinking it, Dory Hawkins came in. He ordered one, too. Then coach Phillips came in and caught us. He asked us if that was the way we got in shape for football."

"Billy—uh, the prisoner, Your Honor—said he never got in shape for football till it was time to play it. Hawkins said yes, football don't start till tomorrow. I said I was only drinking a glass of milk."

"I'm not talking to you, Moore," he said. "I'm talking to Armstrong and Hawkins. You two boys," he said to them, "have a tough row to hoe to make the Varsity. And after you make it, the going is tougher than ever. I asked you, as a favor to me, to Jordan, and to yourselves to take good care of yourselves from September 1st on. Is that the way you do it?" he said.

"Well, Your Honor, they both talked back to him, and he got mad and said, 'Well if that's the way you feel, you need not report for suits tomorrow afternoon,' and he went out. Then the prisoner and Hawkins, Your Honor, went to Hawkins's room and had two bottles apiece. Two bottles—"

"Only bottles?" demanded the judge. "What was in them?"

"It was pop," Les replied. "I asked the prisoner and Hawkins not to drink the stuff—"

"Pop, pop?" demanded Tony Hammond, severely, pointing a finger at Billy.

"Yes, pop; that's all it was," exclaimed Billy, suddenly.

"But they drank it, and we started home," continued Les. "I reported to the judge of this court, what had happened; and that is my story."

"A very serious, a very serious story indeed," pronounced the Kangaroo judge, in all solemnity.

"And it constitutes our presentation of evidence, Your Honor," added Jerry Davis, the prosecutor, looking with pity upon the prisoner.

"What has the defense to offer?" asked the judge, turning to Jimmy.

"I will ask my client, Your Honor," began Jimmy, counsel for the defense, hopefully, "to quote for the court his

apology to Coach Phillips. I will ask him to tell the court what he said or promised to the coach, to reinstate himself, so that he may play football."

Billy Armstrong flashed a quick look of resentment at his old buddy and then turned to face the Kangaroo judge.

"You can bet your life I didn't do any such thing!" he exclaimed. "When he told me I needn't report for football tomorrow, I said, 'That suits me. If you want me to train in football season, O. K. If you want me to train out of season, nothing stirring.' That's the apology I made."

"And I will ask the prisoner to state whether, in his opinion, he is now barred from football," said Jimmy, sick all through at the situation Billy had provoked.

"Also-doggoned-lutely," declared Billy.

It should be said that throughout the proceedings thus far, the fraternity members made smart cracks and laughed or nodded their heads in approbation of developments, according to their inclinations. All of them knew they would have to vote on the situation, one way or another, and all of them took the responsibility more seriously than their behavior would seem to indicate.

"Any further testimony?" asked the judge to Jimmy, who nodded negatively. "Then the court will hear the argument for the defense."

"May it please the court," Jimmy said, clearing his throat, "I will plead the defendant's youth. He is awfully young. I expect he is one of the youngest men, in actions at least, that we have around here. It will be a terrible blow to his father, who looks to him to make good. And then it will be a blow for all of us, who are his friends, if he should be punished for something he did thoughtlessly."

"Nothing of the kind; I knew what I was doing," growled Billy, stubbornly.

"Finally, I plead that his future good behavior will be looked after," continued Jimmy. "We have a new organization among us Sophomores, who want to play football. It is what we call the 'Big Four,' and besides the prisoner, Your Honor, the members are the officers here, Hillgoss and myself. We will guarantee that the prisoner makes no more outbreaks, of the court will find him not guilty as charged."

"Yes, you will," grumbled Billy, in sarcasm.

"Silence in the court," yelled the Kangaroo judge. "Now then, the prosecutor will argue for the Kangaroo State."

Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," began Jerry Davis, Kangaroo prosecutor, "it was in my mind to plead this cause as I found it. But the whole thing makes me sick, and I'm sorry I cannot go through regular judicial procedure. I'm too hot. What gripes me is this counsel here promising to roll over and play dead and all that kind of rot for Coach Phillips. Coach had no right to kick these two men off his squad, because school is not open yet. He's not their nurse. After tomorrow, all right. But not today. Now then, didn't he go and give old Hillgoss a raw deal last year? Hasn't he got it in for all our gang? Everybody knows it!"

"So I move you that this court instruct this prisoner to sit tight on his football stuff, and abstain from apology to the coach, and abstain from all other fraternity members abstain from football until the matter is settled, this prisoner is again playing football. We got to show this coach he can't pull that high-handed stuff on us. He's got it in for us, or he wouldn't kick one of our men off the squad before the season opens."

Jerry Davis, fat and red faced, was working himself into an angry pitch.

"Say, you fat fish, who said Billy got a raw deal last year?" demanded big Jake Hillgoss. "He's my brother, and I know—"

"Silence in the court," demanded Hammond, pounding the table with his book.

"Your Honor, in argument upon that motion—" began Jimmy Byers his face white. He now realized that the situation, provoked by a little thing, was really serious. He knew the fraternity could bind its members and that the court, convened in comedy, might be dismissed as the climax to tragedy.

"The motion is not debatable,"

snapped Jerry Davis.

"The court will decide about this," said Jimmy. Your Honor—"

But before the Kangaroo judge could rule on the question, or Jimmy could plead for his right to argue, the crowd took matters into its own hands. Swayed by the appeal of Jerry Davis, and tired of the comedy as well, the boys set up a shout.

"Question! Question! Put the motion!" they yelled.

"Quiet, please," demanded Judge Hammond. "The prosecution's argument closes the case—"

"But," began Jimmy, only to be shut off.

"And besides that, the jury demands its right to render a verdict," the Kangaroo judge ruled. "Will the jury retire?"

"I'm foreman," declared a big, raw-boned youngster. "I say we'll not retire till we've voted on this case. Then me for the hay!"

"Very well. You've heard the motion. All in favor, say 'aye'."

A roar of "ayes" went up, and when the Kangaroo judge asked for negative opinions, none was heard. The motion was carried, and Jimmy, Les, and big Jake were forbidden to play football! They heard the verdict with sinking hearts and looked at one another in dismay. Without paying any attention to the boys, the crowd, laughing and singing, broke up. Jimmy sat down on the end of the judge's table, stunned with the result of all the horse-play.

"Has this gang gone crazy?" demanded Jake Hillgoss. "They can't tell me I'm not to play football."

"Nor me, either," echoed Les Moore.

"Wish I'd never gotten into this mess," "Thirty of them against the three of us," Jimmy pointed out. "The whole chapter against us, just because Billy acted dumb, and Davis got 'em stirred up."

"We can move out," suggested Les.

"And leave Billy to run wild?" queried Jim. "What would his folks think of us if we did that?"

"Who you talkin' about?" Billy demanded angrily.

"The boy with the big tummy and the big bank roll," Jake replied. The others laughed at this terse description of Billy, and he had to grin, himself.

"You've got us in a nice mess, Bill," said Jimmy. "Here are three of us who want to play football, counted on it, dreamed about it. All of us have a chance, too. And now, on your account, we're barred. What are you going to do about it?"

"Me? Not a thing in the world," said Billy.

"All over a soda, hey?" he was interrupted.

"Kangaroo Judge Hammond had come back into the room. "Thought maybe you'd need an arbitrator. What are you three guys going to do?"

"Play football," replied Jimmy, Les and Jake with one voice.

"But the gang says you can't," Tony objected.

"Then I can walk out on the gang," said Jimmy, firmly. "I'd hate to do it, but—"

"I'm with you," declared Les Moore. "Make it three," added Jake, quickly.

"No, no—you mean that?" asked Tony, apparently realizing for the first time that the boys were in deadly earnest. He looked at one and then another.

"Exactly that," said Jim Byers, doggedly.

"Well, the only answer to that is, it's up to Billy, here," said Tony, presently. "Kangaroo Court says you men cannot play until Billy is playing. That's half of it. Court says he can't apologize. That's the other half. If you walk out, so you can play football, we can't do anything about it. If Billy apologizes—"

"Don't worry, I won't," muttered Billy.

"The court would probably duck him in a tub of cold water," the Kangaroo judge concluded. "We'd hate like everything to see you three walk out. But we'd probably get a lot of fun out of ducking Billy."

"Oh, you guys are always talking about the Three Musketeers, and now it's all about the Big Four," began Billy, petulantly. "And this 'One for all and all for one' stuff, too. That's apple sauce. Here I'm in a hole, and you're all against me."

"You're against three of us," admitted Jimmy. "But we're three for

you, and you know it, Bill Armstrong. You got into that hole yourself, and now you're trying to drag us down into it with you."

"Of course, as judge of the Kangaroo Court, I have the authority to name the executors of any sentence," said Tony Hammond, with a grin. "If I heard that Armstrong apologized, or called up the coach, or anything, I would certainly name the huskiest and handiest men to duck him in the tub. Three, I think, should be enough."

"They can't do it," yelled Billy Armstrong. "Let 'm try it, let 'em—" But he did not finish the defy. A high tackle—that was Jake Hillgoss. A low one—that was Jimmy Byers. One in the middle—that was Les Moore. Billy Armstrong, for one reputed to be in poor condition, put up a good battle against odds.

"Twenty-two minutes, by my watch," muttered Tony Hammond, from a safe spot outside the bathroom door. "Too bad the gang could not have seen the fight. Twenty-two minutes—who says justice is not prompt?"

It was almost one o'clock, but Billy Armstrong, laughing and chiding his pals for their inability to duck him more quickly, traipsed down the hall in his bathrobe, to telephone Coach Phillips. Jimmy, Jake and Les, a load off their minds, breathed hard, but with relief.—Jonathan Brooks in *Youths Companion*.

QUEER ACTIONS OF BIRDS.

Birds are, to many of us, very strange creatures. They do some very odd things. They play, they hold court and have war and engage in missions of peace and mercy.

Some birds that are classed among those that migrate to the south in autumn and return in the spring, are known to fail to go south, but remain in the north during the entire winter, and we find ourselves wondering how they exist when conditions are such as to prevent their gathering the kind of food we know they live upon.

We find males performing some wonderful and interesting entertainments, evidently for no other purpose than to amuse their mates. These are often very amusing, and consist of some very beautiful drills and some very rare songs.

Even the common English sparrows have been seen to collect in vast numbers in a thicket, or very weedy lot, or in and upon a high brush heap, where they evidently are conducting some kind of meeting. They chatter constantly, and all seem to be sitting still and everyone chattering and indulging in queer notes different from those commonly uttered.

Suddenly the sparrows cease their clatter, and not a note is heard from any of the large number of birds, for a period of from half of a minute to a couple of minutes, and then all of a sudden one bird is heard to sound a note, and in a few seconds the entire lot of the birds are chattering again as loud as before.

Several different kinds of birds have been known to unite forces and drive away a kingbird that seemed to be invading the domain of a purple martin, a bluebird or a wren. All these birds and others would suddenly form a violent attack upon the intruder, and the bird would be driven out of the vicinity.

Certain sparrows and swallows will find a chimney or hollow tree and use it for a resting-place during the dark hours of the night. They go in steady streams to these chimneys or hollow trees as dusk approaches, and can be seen coming out as dawn begins to show next morning.

Thousands of birds are known to occupy one hollow tree, and hundreds have been counted as they darted into an old, unused chimney.

Great flocks of different kind of birds have been seen apparently migrating east or west during the season, when we know the birds are not seeking another climate. These are very often seeking a more prosperous feeding location.

At an early geological period the State of New York was part of the Atlantic Ocean, in which the Adirondacks appeared as an island.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE number of state conventions and reunions of the deaf this summer is an encouraging sign. It is evidence of a general recognition that the condition of deafness requires organized effort to make their progress steady and certain. Also that getting together at stated periods conduces to their future happiness and social welfare.

The populous centers have clubs and societies that increase to a great extent the welfare of the members and serve for recreational relief from the humdrum of their silent lives.

The elevating influences of church work among the deaf attracts attention of hearing people and wins for them the respect and regard of the communities in which they dwell, and substitutes for the attitude of pity for their lot a sense of admiration for the cheerfulness and courage with which they tackle the obstacles that hinder their handicapped path.

In sparsely populated districts these benefits are rarely distributed, and the existence of the deaf is lonely and their gregarious instincts suppressed.

The state conventions of the deaf kindle enthusiasms, beget friendships, and increase opportunities in lines of usefulness that lead to success. These conventions educate the public about the capabilities of a class of people to whom one of the most important of the five senses has been denied. Their advantages and disadvantages are made clear. They have lived the experience individually and are able to tell of the effectiveness and shortcomings of educational methods with the full force of truth. At school, as children, their preceptors spoke for them; as men and women, they speak for themselves.

Irrefutable evidence of the worth of any or all methods of teaching the deaf may be estimated by the results, and conventions of the deaf promulgate results. The public is less apt afterwards to be hypnotized into the belief that the sole hope of mental salvation for deaf adults, is training them while children by one method only. Whereas, wisdom allied to experience decides that the Combined System (different methods, as the condition of the child suggests) is the safe and sane highway of progress for all.

If all superintendents of schools for the deaf were to estimate the value of the method of instruction given to the deaf, their theorizing might be modified and the mental cultivation of the deaf wards of the State considerably advanced. To the deaf, spoken words obtained from lip motions have no sounds. They are mere signs of syllables that make up the words, and except to the partly deaf and those few who learned to speak before sickness deprived them of the sense of hearing, these words so gleaned have little or no significance. The per capita paid for the education of each pupil

is the same; therefore, it is only just to the deaf child, its family, the community, and the State, that the benefits derived should as nearly as possible be equalized.

FANWOOD

Principal Gardner returned to his desk last Thursday, after a pleasant vacation at Virginia Beach, Va., with his family. The healthy coat of tan bespeaks of the many hours out in the open. He visited the many historic places of interest that abound in that vicinity and are within easy auto distance.

With the opening of the fall term a week away, old Fanwood will soon resume all its diverse activities again for its one hundred and eleventh year in the teaching of the deaf, a record to be proud of. Up to last June 5269 pupils have received instruction at this school.

The school buildings are all in spic and span order, all the new fireproof stairways having been finished last month and given the final coat of paint.

A sad incident happened last Sunday when Cadet Edward Hart fell from a window of his home while walking in his sleep. He sustained a fractured skull and other internal injuries, from which he died the next day. He was fifteen years old, and had been promoted to the Sixth Grade this term.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox returned from his vacation trip to the Canadian coast towns, on Saturday. He spent a couple of weeks in Nova Scotia, and no doubt, the F. L. A. will be entertained at an interesting account of his travels around the land of Evangeline.

Miss Agnes Craig reports that she did not spend her vacation on a farm where they make Magnolia condensed milk. The real fact is that she went all over Pennsylvania state, enjoying the scenery in her sister's brand new Chevrolet.

August Wriede, of Baltimore, Md., and his wife (who still looks like a "flaming bride"), were welcome callers last week. Mr. Wriede is a Fanwood boy, and has made his way well since graduating. At present he is holding down a situation as floorman on the Baltimore Sun.

Mr. James Garrick enjoyed a two week's vacation up-State, and returned on Tuesday.

Apostles of Light.

Out of the Great Darkness of superstition, apprehension, gloom, terror and ignorance of the age, fourteen men have contributed, probably more than all others combined, in leading the world to intelligence and light.

These Apostles of Light have made astronomy the Candle of Civilization. They have given to the world the Sunshine of the light of intelligence. They have contributed priceless contributions in dispelling the terror, the gloom of the past; and have made possible the present day understanding of the mysterious universe.

In these days of marvelous achievement, it is well to look backwards and review the lives of these men, whose departing "left behind them footprints on the sand of time." They were the Mussolinis, Henry Fords and Colonel Lindberghs of their period.

Now, with radio, mechanical men, radium, daily trips to the North Pole across seas, and over mountains, just commonplace news, it is well to give a thought to these explorers of the universe, who blazed the trails of the sky. These Apostles of Light worked in the dark, often in secret. The slightest detail of their achievement and advancement caused them to be persecuted and classed as "tools of the devil" and "agents of witchcraft" by an ignorant populace. Today scientific advancement is in the open, and our heroes of the air, commerce and sports, are acclaimed to an eager world. What a welcome New York would have given to Copernicus, to Kepler, or to Galileo.

THIS MOMENT

He's helping me now—this moment
Though I may not see it or hear;
Perhaps by a friend far distant—
Perhaps by a stranger near;
Perhaps by a spoken message,
Perhaps by the printed Word;
In ways that I know and know not
I have the help of the Lord.

He's keeping me now—this moment
However I need it most;
Perhaps by a single angel,
Perhaps by a mighty host;
Perhaps by the chain that fetters me
Or the walls that shut me in;
In ways that I know and know not—
He keeps me from harm and sin.

He's guiding me now—this moment,
In pathway easy or hard;
Perhaps by a door wide open,
Perhaps by a door fast barred;
Perhaps by a joy withholden,
Perhaps by a gladness given;
In ways that I know and know not,
He's leading me up to Heaven.

He's using me now—this moment,
And whether I go or stand;
Perhaps by a plan accomplished,
Perhaps when he stays my hand;
Perhaps by a word in season,
Perhaps by a silent prayer
In ways that I know and know not,
His labor of love I share.

—Author Unknown.

CHICAGO

The tour of our Robey Burns and his protegee of 9,000 miles, embraced sixteen states. They left Jacksonville June 17th, and planned to motor up to Oregon and Washington from California. However, Burns' duties as chairman of the local committee in charge of the Illinois Alumni reunion, necessitated cutting the Northwest feature out, and the lads went through Nevada to the Yellowstone.

Burns attended the Pas-a-Pas club's "500" on the 24th, when he made final announcements of his convention.

His face is, well, considerably older. But the honest Irish eyes still twinkle with all their cheerful candor—just as they did when George Parrish was court jester to deadfand at Goodyear, during the World War. Poor old Parrish—still a footloose "bach"—hit town on the 24th, hoping to land a job and join our mad, merry throng, as a permanent Chicagoan. Here's hoping. The world is full of sadness and sorrow, and men of Parrish's bubbling ebullition are priceless.

Mr. George T. Dougherty left on the 26th, in the car of Rev. and Mrs. George Frederick Flick, for the Ohio centennial at Columbus.

Louis Byouk, the star athlete of the last decade at Gallaudet College, who graduated in June, spent a day here en route to Berkeley, where he assists Major Vernon Birk in coaching football at the California State School. Byouk was one of the seven students spending the summer working on autos in Flint. He made the second team on the All Time aggregation presented by Jimmie Meagher in the farewell edition of the *Silent Worker*.

Mrs. George Schriver is back in the suburb of Elmhurst, after a month in Rochester, Buffalo, and other western New York points. She states the Buffalo already have nearly a thousand dollars in their convention fund, with the Golden Jubilee still nearly a year away; and that the glorious success of the Washington and Denver conventions will be duplicated.

A. L. Bowen, of the *Illinois State Journal*, is reputed the most influential editor in the state. Governor Emerson recently appointed him superintendent of charities. His daily column recently was headed by an unusual tribute to deaf drivers, and is well-worth reading:

S. Robey Burns and Lowell Lowry traveled from Jacksonville, Ill., to the Pacific coast and back by automobile. They came back with 9,000 miles on their speedometer and not a single accident. The Springfield Automobile Association is gratified over the boys' letter expressing their appreciation of the service of the club rendered them. The *State Journal* carried the story and copied the letter as good stuff for Sunday readers, and I have no doubt that thousands read it.

The great outstanding fact in the story has been lost. The two men are totally deaf. Mr. Burns is coach in athletics for the deaf boys at the State School in Jacksonville, and Lowry is one of his pupils.

At the session of the general assembly, an effort was made to deprive by law the deaf of the privilege of driving an automobile. How many hearing persons make 9,000 miles in two months without some sort of mishap and accident due to traffic difficulties? The feat of these two men is the best evidence obtainable that the deaf are competent to drive automobiles. I hope we hear no more of the senseless and inhuman idea that they should be barred from the roads.

James Murphy met with a painful accident last week. Working in the plant of the N. W. Electric Co., he was piling sheets of tin thirty feet long and three feet wide. Putting the sheets on the pile over his head, he lost his balance, falling with his left hand against the sharp end of the sheet with the result that the palm of his hand was ripped open. A doctor set the separate parts together by sewing it up. It is healing well.

The lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Des Rocher was the lively scene of a surprise party in honor of Mrs. Val Behr, of St. Louis, Mo., some time ago, about twenty-seven guests being on hand to enjoy the gay occasion.

A letter, signed by the new superintendent D. T. Cloud, has been mailed out to every pupil here to attend the Illinois deaf school this week.

There was no mass at the Ephpheta Club home chapel Sunday morning, August 25th, as it is on the fourth Sunday of every month. However, the members enjoyed a pleasant evening in games and social conversation.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held a weekly Saturday party at the club hall, Saturday, August 24th, with a good attendance, it being in the nature of "500" and bunco party.

The members of the Ladies' Aid Society and Susannah Wesley Circle enjoyed a joint picnic in Jackson Park, Saturday, August 24th. All were welcome to attend and help make the occasion merry.

Alfred Arnot's deaf parents, of South Bend, Ind., stopped off here for a while on their way to the reunion of the Illinois Alumni deaf school this week.

Mrs. Oscar Pearson's mother, aged 83, is becoming helpless from the effect of her falling in the kitchen. Mrs. Pearson and her sister are caring for her by turns.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Des Rocher pleased the writer and his wife by calling on them Saturday evening, August 24th. They gave two dollars to the writer to send in their subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Wm. Tomlin returned last week from Davenport, Ia., after a stay of a few days. While there, he called to

see Mr. and Mrs. Frank Neyens, but found they have moved.

Miss Laura Sheridan occupied the pulpit at the M. E. Mission, Sunday afternoon, August 25th. About the usual number were on hand.

Ed. Hughes and his daughter, of Cleveland, O., are in Chicago for a one-week's visit with his folks. He follows the occupation of a draftsman in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Herbert Gunner has returned home after a most pleasant visit in New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City. He attended the Frats' picnic at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn, and reports a most enjoyable time. Mrs. Gunner is still visiting Canada until Labor Day.

WISCONSIN NOTES

Miss Laura Fritch, of Evansville, Ind., returned to her home Saturday, after spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Paul Lange, at Delavan, Wis.

The Wisconsin deaf school will be opened on September 3d, to begin the Fall and winter terms. From advance records, it is believed that the enrollment this year will be larger than previous years.

The Misses Martha and Anna May Lange, Evelyn Ellison, Margaret Winters, Elizabeth Dooley, Dorothy Gant, Effie Goff, Lucile Miller, Charlotte Sturtevant and Marion Crowley, all living at Delavan, Wis., were members of a house party at Lauderdale Lake over the week-end.

A number of the deaf people of Delavan motored to Rockton, Ill., near Beloit, Wis., Sunday, to attend the deaf picnic. One of the main features of the afternoon activities was a ball game, at which event the Delavan boys were able to defeat the Illinois team by a score of 13 to 4.

Mrs. Lawrence Williams, Misses Marlene Parish and Martha Lange, of Delavan, Wis., were hostesses at the weekly party at Delbrook, Friday afternoon. Mrs. H. N. O'Brien, of Darien, received first prize, Mrs. Helen Schumacher, second, Mrs. Keegan, from Assembly Park, third. Mrs. Harry Gifford received guest prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans K. Hanson, residing on Institute Hill, at the Wisconsin deaf school, were the victims of a surprise party, Friday evening, when fifty of the deaf of Delavan and vicinity came to help them celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary. A delicious lunch was served by the women and, before taking their departure, the guests presented the worthy couple with a purse of money.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Ness and two children, who were called last July to Delavan, Wis., by the death of her sister, Mrs. W. Robinson, returned through Chicago, on their way to Washington, D. C., after a stay of three weeks with their niece, Mrs. E. Henry, and also their nephew, O. V. Robinson, and families.

Mrs. H. Odom gives the following news about the doings of the colored deaf:—

A whist party was given at Mr. and Mrs. Davis' flat on the 17th. Mrs. Grant and Mr. Taylor carried off first prize, a beautiful bread set and knife. A grand time was had by all.

Mr. Richardson, of New York City, was a visitor here last Sunday.

Mr. Lee R. Bates had as his guest for dinner in South Chicago last Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Grant and Miss Aleon Wilson.

Mrs. Georgia Askew, of Cleveland, O., is in the city for a week's stay with her sister, and extending greeting to her many friends.

Mr. Arthur L. Grant, who has been in the employ of the stock yards for at least eight years, will be granted a week's vacation about the last of the month. Whether he and his wife will leave the city on extended tour or stay at home is problematical.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, the newlyweds have moved from E 40th Street to the groom's home at 39th and Indiana Avenue, where they are happily domiciled.

Most of our male population have good steady jobs at the stock yards, and are doing well, we are glad to state.

THIRD FLAT

427 S. Robey St.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Services every Sunday at 3 o'clock in the church on South 9th Street, between Driggs Avenue and Roebeling Street, Brooklyn. The Church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg Bridge.

Meeting of the class at the Parish-House of St. Matthew's Church on 145th and Convent Avenue, every Friday night from 6:30 to 8 P.M. Assembly room on the third floor of Parish House.

Deaf people are just as capable, are just as competent, just as well able to earn an honest living as is the average man who can hear.—*Elbert Hubbard*.

The only lesson to be learned from war is the value of peace.—*Rev. John Haynes Holmes*.

Canadian News

New items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

At time of writing, Mrs. Absalom Martin and three children, of Waterloo, are visiting her mother and relatives here.

Miss Marion Sherman has returned to Belleville after a couple of weeks' visit to her aunt, Mrs. George Brethout, here.

Mrs. James Braven, of Brantford, was in the city for a few days visiting her sister, Mrs. Eva Van Valin, and her niece, Mrs. Minnie Dunn, and would have prolonged her stay, had she not been hurriedly called home on August 17th, to see her husband off for an indefinite stay in Montreal. He left for the Canadian Metropolis on August 18th.

Mrs. Robert R. McMaster and her son, Bobbie, have returned to their home in Warton, after a delightful sojourn here of a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goodall, and also with relatives here. She was formerly Miss Violet Gray, and exudes the same sweet smiles as depicted in that famous song, "My Violet Gray of Killarney."

We were pleased to see our young friend, Mr. Walter Daniels, at our church on August 18th. Although he lives in north Toronto, this was his first visit to our church. He attributed his delay in coming before to the drawbacks of pure oralism. He has finished his schooling at Belleville and will mingle among our society more freely from now on.

Mr. George O'Day, of Los Angeles, and a graduate of the Sacramento, Cal., day school, was in this city, and at time of writing, is trying to locate here as a painter. He made his journey across the continent by easy stages, trying to pick up work at every stopping place, and if not successful here, will make it for Buffalo and the eastern states.

"The Christians, and what they are," was the subject of the sermon which Mr. W. R. Watt very wisely and interestingly handled at our service on August 18th. The rendition in duet style by Mesdames Watt and Whealy of "Jesus, More Than Life to Me," was a treat to behold.

Mr. Nicholas Gura, of Oshawa, was the guest of Mr. W. W. Scott over the week-end of August 17th, and these two young sports had all the world to themselves meanwhile.

Mr. and Mrs. William Riberdy, their son, Fred, and nephew, Frank Sadows, of Detroit, stopped over at "Mora Glen" for a brief call on August 17th, as they passed through this city on a motor trip to their old Alma Mater at Belleville, also to Kingston, and other points in Eastern Ontario and New York State, returning via Buffalo and Niagara Falls. What's your hurry, ye travellers, happy and gay?

On account of the volume of orders that have been flooding into the Imperial Press office, the genial proprietor, Mr. John T. Shilton, has found it hard to get away for a holiday, until recently, when a lull in his wave of prosperity loomed up, so on August 14th, Johnnie saw a chance, threw his worries to the winds, left the vortex of this city, and made for the balmy shores of the Georgian Bay, where he enjoyed a fortnight's pleasant rest with his family at their summer cottage at Wasaga Beach. His happy countenance on his return was indicative of the good time he had.

Since our Church Board inaugurated the idea of giving our young boys a chance to assist in our church service, by reciting the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Scripture Reading and the Doxology, a good number have responded with great credit to themselves, and are becoming thoroughly seasoned. A noticeable change in their slowness and accuracy of motion is quite evident, especially in the case of Mr. John Parsons and James R. Tate.

One of our most dyed in the wool water sports is Mr. W. W. Scott, and hardly a day passes without seeing him out on the rolling blue waters of Lake Ontario, paddling in ancient Indian style in his frail, yet trusty little yellow canoe. Wesley seems to be thoroughly at home in this pastime, and frequently three to five miles at a stretch and yet is as fresh as a spring colt at the finish. Why not stage a canoe race among the boys.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne returned home on August 18th, from a week's pleasant rest at the cottage, owned by her sister, Mrs. Robinson, on the beautiful shores of Lake Simcoe, some eight miles north of Barrie. On her way home she spent a couple of hours cheering up Mrs. Ursula Johnston in the Barrie Hospital, where she had been since last June. She is about the same. Her daughter, Gladys, is now working at Niagara Falls, N. Y. Mr. Fraser Byrne went up to join his mother in the morning of August 18th, and brought her home in his car the same evening.

Mrs. Alex. B. Mcaul and daughter, Jean, have returned home after a pleasant holiday with her mother, brother and other relatives in Chesley, and neighboring centres.

Miss Willa Wright had tea at "Mora Glen" on August 21st, and in the evening a few of her friends and schoolmates of her well known and very

popular mother, called in the evening to greet and congratulate her upon her coming marriage, and a very sociable evening was spent. Miss Wright, who is extremely popular with all, will don her bridal veil on September 18th, and enter the "happy circle." Since she gave up her position at Bell Telephone Co., on August 16th, after holding it down for six years, she has been invited to bridal showers every night, which were given in her honor. She carried away from "Mora Glen" kind tokens of good luck and long life. Her wedding account will appear in these columns later.

Mr. Sidney Walker, who was able to go to his home from the General Hospital on August 18th, is now rapidly regaining his normal health, and before long we hope to see him in our midst again wearing his old customary smile.

Mr. David Lawrence and a bunch of friends went out on August 18th to Bond Lake and Musselman Lake, and had a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goodall gave a little party at their home on August 21st, in honor of their guest, Mrs. Robert McMaster, of Warton, and a great time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne went across the lake on August 23d, on a visit to Miss Barbara Mollinson, and was entertained by Miss Sylvia Caswell and her sister, Mrs. Harris. Miss Helen Middleton returned to Toronto with Mrs. Byrne and spent the week-end at "Mora Glen."

THEDFORD TUNES

On August 15th, the Toronto to Sarnia train had on board Mrs. John A. Moynihan from Kitchener to Thedford, where she was met on arrival by Miss Grace Watts and her nephew, who motored her out to Miss Watts' brother-in-law's beautiful celery farm, three miles from the station. On the way up, Mrs. Moynihan had the opportunity to have a few minutes' chat with Miss Marybelle Russell at Ailsa Craig, two stations below Thedford. Mrs. Moynihan has been enjoying a god rest at this farm. On Sunday, August 18th, Mr. Carruthers and Miss Watts, with their guest, motored over to Ailsa Craig and picking up Miss Russell, continued on to Grand Bend, a very beautiful summer resort on Lake Huron. Here they saw thousands of cars parked out at the beach, and bathers gambling in the water, in spite of a cool wind. As Mr. Carruthers is unable to drive a car in a crowded city, with dangerous risks looming up on all sides to one unaccustomed to city travel, these three deaf ladies were deprived of the pleasure of attending the services of the deaf in either London or Sarnia that day, much to their regret.

PORT HURON PICK-UPS

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Kresin and family motored out and spent August 18th very pleasantly at Lake Orion, on a long-kept promise, so were sorry they could not attend the Fisher meeting over in Sarnia that afternoon.

Mrs. A. Kresin has been entertaining her niece for a few weeks lately, and another niece, her husband and two sisters of Mrs. Kresin, were guests at the Kresin home over the week-end of August 24th.

Mrs. A. Kresin went out to Corunna, Mich., where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Claud Carlton, at the end of July, and called on friends in Flint for a couple of days on her way home, and had a lovely time.

SARNIA SAYINGS

Mr. Thomas A. Bissell has left the employ of the H. Mueller Brass Co., and accepted a position at the Point Edward Freight Sheds. He likes the change.

We regret to say that our old friend, Mr. Samuel Darew, is now in straightened circumstances, but his son is living with him and helping along his aged father and mother. Mr. Darew is now 74 years of age.

On Sunday lately, Thomas E. Bissell, accompanied by Herbert E. Welch, of Oil Springs, and Messrs. James Chantler and Joseph Toulouse, of Chatham, motored out to the House of Refuge, to visit Mr. Stephen Baines, and found him in good spirits and glad to see his friends again.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher, their son and a friend, motored up from London and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson. In the afternoon, Mr. Fisher conducted a very good meeting here, at which there was a large, happy crowd. His subject was most interesting and clearly given in his well known forceful way.

ST. WILLIAMS SLANTS

While out in Acton lately, Mrs. Vernon Woodward had the pleasure of calling on Miss Francis Kenney more than once, and was pleased to find her looking well, following her operation. Mrs. Woodward also met a deaf lady, whose name is Miss Hudson. She came to Acton from England last fall, and is a very fine looking Miss, who may later be known among the deaf here.

Mr. Charles A. Elliott, of Toronto, came up here and held a very good service at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Woodward on August 11th, and his address was most interesting. Among those present we were pleased to meet, Miss Florence Davis, of Walsh, and Mr. James Chambers, of Silver Hill. We expected Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, but somehow they failed to bob up.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Harris, of

Toronto, who were then in Simcoe, motored up and had a nice chat with the Woodwards on August 4th.

What a pleasure it is to receive the JOURNAL every week. Without its newsy notes of our outside friends, we would be half dead. We have been taking it for years and it becomes more interesting as time rolls on.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

With this quota of news go two more subscriptions.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Wright, of Bobcaygeon, have returned home from a most delightful vacation, spent with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Potts, in Cleveland, and are now busy preparing for their daughter's marriage, which will be one of the social events in that town.

Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Niagara Falls, enjoyed the week-end of August 17th with old friends in Buffalo, and had a grand time.

Miss Jennie Irvine has returned to her home in Belleville, after a very delightful visit to her sister, Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, in Hamilton, and in the meantime visited many other points of interests. Many of the deaf met Miss Irvine when they were at the Belleville school, also her other deaf sister, the late Miss Eva Irvine.

In our issue of August 15th, there was a typographical error when it was given out that Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton, of Horning Mills, was brought back from Huntsville to Barrie by her father and his bride, when it should say her brother, Robert, and his bride. We now give the correction in order that it may not be misleading. Mrs. Middleton's father answered the last and supreme call many years ago.

Messrs. Chas. A. Ryan and Thomas Chantler, of Woodstock, were in London to attend Mr. J. R. Byrne's lecture on August 18th.

Miss Lena Doubledie, of Wroxeter, had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Beulah Wilson, of Toronto, for a week from July 29th to August 7th, and took her around auto riding. They went over and had a pleasant time with Miss Luella Simmons. Miss Wilson also visited Miss Elizabeth Carter in Guelph, and friends in Stratford. On leaving Wroxeter, she made for a visit to friends in Windsor and vicinity.

Mr. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, went up to Owen Sound on August 18th, where he conducted the service for the deaf there and had a good meeting.

With a railway pass given them every year for a vacation trip over any part of the C. P. R. system, for which he works, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Horn, of Winnipeg, can dip in honey, as far as a trip is concerned. Every season when their holiday comes around, they invariably go on a long journey to see more of the outside world. Last year, it will be remembered, they visited Toronto, Niagara Falls, and other points east, but this year, they struck for the golden west. On July 14th, they made for Vancouver, B. C., and spent a very delightful time with Mrs. Horn's married sister for ten days. In the meantime, they had many a pleasant sightseeing auto trip around the country with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. Zahn. What a charm it was to look up at the snow-clad peaks of the towering mountains in all their majestic grandeur, and then look down on the placid rivulets in the canyons, thousands of feet below. It was a sight worth beholding. They made a stop over at Edmonton, Alberta, to see the wonders east of the Rockies. They left Vancouver homeward bound on July 27th, and reached Winnipeg on the 30th, well pleased with the outing.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND

Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, 605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., Monument St.

SERVICES

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
October Places by Appointment.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Dioceses of Washington and the State of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 518—9th Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and 3d Streets, S. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 P.M. Bible class, other Sundays of each month at same hour.
Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 11 A.M. Bible class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

SEATTLE

Cyril J. Vincent, a resident of Seattle for the past twenty-five years, died suddenly on August 6th. He entered a public card room on Second Avenue, which he sometimes frequented, seated himself in a chair, and shortly after dropped quietly to the floor dead. The death certificate gave the cause as chronic myocarditis. Mr. Vincent was always so lively and such an animated talker, that none of us ever suspected that he had trouble with his heart. He was 72 years old at the time of his death. His father was an Episcopal minister and headmaster of a school at Batley, England. He learned the trade of a stained glass worker, and made good wages. He left home when a youth and went to Australia. Later he drifted to America and came to Seattle about twenty-five years ago. He never visited his home in England again. A weakness for drink was his undoing, and for some years he lived on charity. He had a niece in London, the wife of a lawyer, and another in Tangier, Africa, the wife of an English army officer, and these ladies sometimes sent him a little money.

Mr. Vincent was a regular attendant at the services at St. Mark's and twice within the past year partook of Holy Communion. Dr. Hanson officiated at the funeral services, which were held in the little chapel connected with the county farm. The body was cremated.

At the P. S. A. D. meeting, Mrs. Burgett, Arvid Rudnick, and Alfred Goetz, of Tacoma, were present, and also Mrs. Moon, who moved recently to Seattle from Arizona with her husband. The latter is a hearing man, employed as a cook at the Olympic Hotel. Mrs. Moon formerly lived in Seattle, and was known as Miss Mary Lawrence. The P. S. A. D. gave its attention to several proposed changes in the constitution, to be voted on at next meeting. Before adjournment, Alfred Goetz made his maiden speech to the meeting. He talked about some of his experiences at a summer outing near Port Angeles a year ago. Save for spelling names too fast, his delivery was very good.

The long-heralded Gallaudet Guild picnic on the 11th, at Lincoln Park, was a peach of a picnic. The day was ideal, the park not too crowded, and we were lucky in securing a long table, made by joining three smaller ones conveniently near one of the stoves. There were fully fifty in attendance, and at about 1:30 P. M. all sat down to a really satisfying picnic spread. There was a huge pot of hot home-cooked beans and another of potato salad, with sandwiches, spaghetti, pickles, fruit, cake and coffee. Four watermelons were cut up and distributed. When all were fed, a large part of the crowd scattered, to come together again later. The younger men staged a baseball game, which lasted till nearly time to go home.

Inspired by the recent successful winning of the Edison Scholarship by Bishop Huston's son, an examination was staged for the ladies, and the following six questions were propounded:—

1. What would you do if you were given a million dollars?
2. Which is heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?
3. How many teeth has a hen?
4. What is your greatest wish?
5. Who was our first president?
6. Which was greater, Washington or Lincoln, and why?

Both questions and answers were given in the sign language and all the ladies acquitted themselves well. For readiness in answering, thoughtfulness, and good judgment, the prize a necklace of suntan pearls went to Alice Wilberg, and Mrs. Burgett won the consolation prize, a rubber apron. The men also staged an examination, and the prize, a lunch box, went to a hearing sailor, while Sam Abrahamson won the consolation prize, a handkerchief. Mr. LaMotte certainly covered himself with glory, as being the prime mover in getting up and managing this picnic.

Howard Lillie came to the picnic, and with him came his parents and sister. Mrs. Lillie gave most efficient assistance with the lunch. Sam Abrahamson brought his mother and brother. There were also three young men, two of them sailors, who were sons of deaf parents and experts in signs. Another young man, who had learned signs from the deaf at the Rialto card room, was also present. So we had quite a sprinkling of hearing people, who could talk readily with us at our picnic, and we were glad to have them.

Miss Mullin and her sister and brother-in-law are home from their lovely vacation of three weeks, up in the Canadian Rockies. They hated to leave the grand mountain scenery. Helen Hanson is also home from her summer outing with the mountaineers. She says she saw a mountain goat, a deer with branching antlers and several does and fawns, and several marmots. The latter gave a queer whistling sound. She also saw a black and white bird with a long tail of a

species unknown to her, but the most amusing animals were the bears and cubs, which were really wild. One half-grown cub obligingly climbed a tree very near the camp and allowed numerous snapshots to be taken of him.

At the picnic on the 11th, Robert Bronson exhibited quite a number of kodak pictures of his friends, which he had snapped when he caught them unawares. Some of them were quite comical. We shall have to watch out for Robert when he is strolling with his camera.

We recently received a box of peaches from Mrs. Bronson, which came fresh from her ranch at Yakima. Robert also received some peaches at the same time. Mrs. Bronson says it has been very hot at Yakima, being 100 in the shade a great deal of the time.

Mr. Partridge has just ended a week's vacation. He spent one day of it at Rainier National Park. As George Oelschlaeger stayed at home and tended the chickens while Harry went up to Rainier with his brother, Robert, while the latter was visiting here from Minnesota. True, thought it was now George's turn to see the great show place of our State. Accordingly he took him along with his family, and George was deeply interested in all he saw. It was his first view of a glacier, and of wild bears, and the brightly colored flowers so close to the snow astonished him. He was a little disappointed that the clouds prevented a view of Mt. Rainier clear to the top. George says that he wants to go up and stay a week at that fascinating place when he has a chance. Not a small part of the treat was the home cooked lunches Mrs. Partridge served, as George and Harry are bachelors.

Two nephews from Victoria, B. C., aged twelve and nine respectively, are visiting a sister of Doris Nation. They were taken for a visit to the Bemis Bag Factory where Doris works, and were so well dressed and well behaved that they excited much interest at the factory. Doris felt quite proud to be auntie to two such sturdy young Canadians.

Mrs. LaMotte spent a week-end recently in Portland, going both on pleasure and business.

THE HANSONS

August 22, 1929.

The First Card Index.

HIPPARCHUS—(2nd century B.C.)

—Prepared the first card index, a catalogue of over one thousand stars. He was the son of Pisistratus, who established the first democracy in the history of the world. A Greek by birth, Hipparchus was born at Nicaea in Bithynia. Beginning in early life, the serious study of astronomy while on the island of Rhodes, probably about 161 B.C., he discovered a new star. The appearance of this star in the heavens about 134 B.C., is said to have prompted him to prepare a card index or catalogue of 1,080 stars. These records he is said to have kept upon slabs of stone.

He flourished upon the island of Rhodes, following his study of Chaldean astronomy as a boy. He is known to be the founder of that branch of mathematics which we call trigonometry, that today causes sleepless hours and consumes much grey matter of the modern youth.

He is also regarded as the founder of that branch of mathematics known as latitude and longitude, which he established and through which modern aviators and ship masters find their bearings and location.

The discoveries and contributions of Hipparchus are becoming more priceless in the present world of progress than ever before. Someone ought to name a landing field for him. His name on a transoceanic aeroplane would bring him again to the attention of the world.

The first Nature Trail, along which natural objects are labeled in place, was established in the Harriman State Park, on Bear Mountain, Rockland County, National and State Parks throughout the country are following this example.

THE FUTURE

'Tis well enough to brag and boast,
But men who really do the most
Sit very still.

They're very conscious all the time
Tomorrow they will have to climb
Another hill.
Nor all the little dreams come true
Make up for deeds they want to do.

Achievement is a pleasant thing,
But there's no end to conquering,
And wise men see
That what is done, however fair,
Cannot in any way compare
With what's to be.

And wise men's thoughts are ever turned
On secrets that are still unlearned.

I praise my skillful surgeon's hand.
"So much you've come to understand,"
To him I say,
And then he smiles and whispers low;
"The things I really want to know
Lie far away."

You think I've learned a lot, but oh,
There is so much I do not know.
There is no conquest all complete;
No stopping place for human feet;
No final goal.
Onward and upward men ascend
And none of us shall see the end
Of glory's scroll.
But small and trivial is the past,
It is the future which is vast!

—Edgar A. Guest.

NEW YORK

Do you believe in superstition? Emanuel Souweine did not, but now it seems he does so. It all came about in this way. One day in August, a stray black cat found its way in his office. Mr. Souweine petted the poor thing, and was told that would bring bad luck; but he only laughed and said he did not believe in superstition. The next day, Mr. Nuboor, who works for him, was run down by an ambulance, and a few days later Mr. Ormsby, another of his help in his office, was run down by a taxi, and now Mr. Souweine, himself, is in the hospital, the result of a sprained ankle. At this writing, Mr. Nuboor is recuperating at White Plains, and may be there for two or three weeks, but informs us that the doctors there say he will not be able to work till about the 15th of November. Mr. Ormsby is still at St. Vincent Hospital, and it is uncertain when he will recover, as he was hurt the most. Mr. Souweine may be unable to walk for some time, as it takes time for a sprained ankle to heal.

Mr. H. Borgstrand gathered together a party of friends, Wednesday evening, August 28th, to surprise the little "Lady of the Dancing Feet"—his better half—who passed away another year-stone in the procession of the years. Pleasant conversation was indulged in and a "Kaffee Klatch" served in the garden of the Borgstrand home—after the surprise to the little lady. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Donnell, Berger, Nesgood, Toohy, Uhner, Fetscher, Mrs. Glyme, Misses K. Christgau, S. Burns, Messrs. Rehling, Gillen, Macer, Weimuth and W. O'Donnell, and several hearing friends. Mrs. Borgstrand was the recipient of many tokens of affection.

As the poet would say "Tis the last rose of summer," but in this case to many of the deaf of New York, till another summer rolls around 'twill be the last bath in the surf, and that is why so many of the silent population of New York were at Brighton Beach last Tuesday, August 27th. Most of them afterwards went to Coney Island for supper, and later witnessed the display of fireworks off the boardwalk. Other attractions were Luna Park and Steeplechase. They did not mind the expenses or the exertion either, and when they got home tired and weary, they called it a day.

Josie Goldman, of Middleton, O., who is a product of the old 44th Street School of this city, when it was conducted by the late Dr. Greene, spent two weeks in New York, but mingled very little with the deaf except on his last day here, when he was among the big crowd of the deaf bathers at Brighton Beach. He has retired from business at Middleton, O., where for many years (and his father before him) he was a successful florist. He left on Wednesday, the 28th, for Cleveland, O.

Maurice B. Cohen was, or still is at Lake Placid. He writes that it is wonderful to be up there, and believes that you and I would agree with him in regard to the scenery and the climate, for he seems to be living in a wonderful world, and can hardly explain how happy he feels up there. Perhaps, like many others who go away for a short time to idle away the hours, he will be glad when he is back in our little old New York again.

Simon-Kahn, after spending his two weeks' vacation at Saratoga Spa, returned home on Sunday, August 25th, and says he feels like a young colt, ready to settle down to real work. On this vacation, he was also in Schenectady, and saw the great locomotive and electric works. On his way home, stopped at Lake George and fell in love with the place, and wished to linger there, but duty called him here.

We should have mentioned some time ago that we have in our midst an enthusiast of traveling via the air, in the person of Mrs. Charles Schatzkin. She has taken several trips so far, and recently induced her husband to take a trip with her to Boston from New York. Hubby declares it was delightful.

Reuben Fischel is back from a two weeks' vacation spent in the Catskills, where his father and step-mother maintain a camp for youths. He says he had a very restful time, but did not slumber a la Rip Van Winkle.

After spending three weeks in Roscoe, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldberg returned home on Monday, August 26th, and the next day, Tuesday, the 27th, were among the bathers at the Brighton Beach Baths.

Moses A. Rosenberg, on Labor Day, autoed to Livingston Manor, to bring back his family, and also his two sisters, Mrs. Molly Mayer and Miss Leah Rosenberg, who spent the last week of August there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grossman spent the week-end of August 24th at Long Beach, L. I., and greatly admired the place and merry people there, who seemed to be enjoying life.

William Wyatt, on Thursday, August 29th, was in New York City. He hiked here from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Before going home by rail, he visited his Alma Mater—Fanwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cohen spent the week-end of August 24th at Wildwood, N. J.

RADLEIN-MURCHIE

At St. Ann's Church, on Sunday, September 1st, Miss Florence Murchie and Mr. Louis Radlein were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Rev. Guilbert C. Braddock officiating.

The bride looked quite beautiful in a wedding dress of white. She carried a huge bouquet of roses, and was escorted by her father. The bridesmaid was a young lady who could hear. The groom was attended by Charles Oleson as best man. Mr. George Steinhauser was chief usher and Mrs. Steinhauser, matron of honor.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served.

The bride, for quite a long time, has been one of the bevy of silent songsters at St. Ann's Church.

Mr. Radlein is a stalwart young man, quite popular and very useful at St. Ann's.

The writer joins with the large number of deaf and hearing friends who saw the wedding ceremony, in wishing the happy couple a pleasant voyage on the matrimonial sea.

Mrs. John Koepfer and her two lovely children have been in New York for a week, with Mr. and Mrs. Burke entertaining them. Mrs. Koepfer, while a pupil at Fanwood was Amelia Stenz and Wanda Makowska was her special schoolyard friend. Mrs. Koepfer left for her home in Schenectady on Monday, September 2d.

Thomas Reston, with his daughter, Peggy, was among the swimmers at the pool on West 160th Street in the afternoon of Monday last. Abe Hiron spent the entire morning of Labor Day there.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Glynn were among the thousands who spent three days at Asbury Park over the Labor Day week-end.

I. Morganstein writes from Niagara Falls that he feels fine there. Before he left New York he looked fine, and when he returns he ought to feel still finer.

Mrs. Moses W. Loew is now in the Jewish Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., where she will be operated on for a tumor in her breast.

Max Kantrow from Monticello, N. Y., sends greeting to his fellow members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

Perry Schwing, a graduate of Fanwood of 1928, spent a week's vacation in Philadelphia last week.

Will the Deaf Sign-Language Be An International Sign-Language?

Being propaganda fed during the World War, and in order to ameliorate disappointed deafened soldiers whom we all thought would be discharged from the Army and Navy, I joined the Boy Scout Master school, conducted by Mr. Donald Gulick, at the city, Y. M. C. A. Being deaf at all talks, but much alive to demonstrations and reading all I could regarding the lessons, I finish the lessons creditably, and was the only one passing telegraph codes and semaphore signal examinations perfectly.

The war ended and yet not a single deafened ex-soldier was noticed on a street, in club or church. Alas! but the trainings in the Scout Master School, and monthly hikes in mid-winter, months to lake or woods, where we were thrown upon our resources, no matter in what mood Nature was, rain or shine, cold or hot, have done me incalculable service during my late career, and will always be so. They enhance my appreciation of good order, life and Nature. The appreciation is being deepened as the years go by.

Backed by my Boy Scout training, I thought I would have a better chance to encourage the inserting of the single-hand alphabet in the Boy Scout Manual, and started correspondence with the National Boy Scout Headquarters. It showed no progress with the exception of an unfulfilled promise to print a card of the hand alphabet in the Boy Scout periodical. Then I enlisted the aid of a city newspaper editorial torn out of the *Bull Moose Campaign*. It drew to him Amos Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt.

The editor gave me Mr. Roosevelt's reply to his appeal in behalf of my endeavor to insert the single-hand alphabet in the Boy Scout Manual. It made practically no progress. My next endeavor was to enlist the aid of the National Association of the Deaf. It's President, Jay Cooke Howard, instantly put me on Dr. Schuyler Long's Boy Scout Committee. Dr. Long handed me all of the correspondence he had with Mr. Thompson Seton. The Committee met a stonewall and was soon disbanded.

During the N. F. S. D. convention at Colorado, my meeting Miss Winona Bird, a Sioux then in her second year at Colorado College for Women, and my witnessing of Chief Ever Green Tree's address in his Indian sign-language, at the N. F. S. D. banquet, strengthened my faith in the reliability of using the Indian sign-language that had withstood very many centuries, and fortified my belief that the Boy Scout Manual should include the single-hand alphabet, and several Indian and deaf sign-languages. I told Miss Winona Bird to conceive some way for young and intelligent Indians like herself and Chief Ever Green Tree, to assemble and devise

some way for their service or occasional service to the Boy and Girl scouts. It is well-adapted to Nature of their sign-language.

Coming home, I started an extensive reading and study of Indian sign-language in Mr. Clarke's book, and other reliable books. Now I agree that the Indian sign-language is the proper sign-language to be taught to scouts. It is well-adapted to Nature and those living close to Nature, while the deaf sign-language is appropriate to city life with its fast changing modes of life. The Italian sign-language is a very valuable tool in detective work. Its meaning is greatly aided by a slight movement of face, shoulders, hands and arms. It has the elements of applied psychology. The Indian sign-language has a minimum facial expression. Its hand and arm movements are of a dignified manner. The deaf sign-language is far ahead of the two previously mentioned sign-languages for hymn rendition, the lecture platform class room of college conversation, pantomime, social and business intercourses.

It behooves any intelligent deaf to get the mastery of the three sign-languages—namely, their own deaf sign-language, Indian sign-language and Italian sign-languages.

We must not lose sight of the fact that the Deaf sign-language is the modification of the Indian sign-language brought to France by their quick-sighted pioneers and trappers from the New World, and brought back to the New World by Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet and Mr. Laurent Clerc, through the kindness and instruction of Abbe Sicard, the worthy successor of Abbe de l'Epée, whose statue will be unveiled in Buffalo by the National Association of the Deaf in 1930.

In the biography of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet by his son, Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet foresaw the universal use of sign-language.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

The following accompanying extract from the August issue of *Scranton Scout Messenger* gladdens a humanitarian's heart. It will eventually lead to the official adoption of single hand alphabet in the Scout Manual Book.

BOY SCOUTS AT WORLD JAMBOREE WILL LEARN INDIAN SIGN-LANGUAGE

The Indian sign-language, as a means of intercommunication between Boy Scouts from all parts of the globe, will be taught to the nearly 60,000 boys from forty-two nations, who are participating in the World Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead, England, this summer, according to the announcement from the National Offices of the Boy Scouts of America.

William Tomkins, Indian sign-language expert, will be brought all the way from San Diego, Cal., to teach the boys. He has already taught Indian signs to many American boys and thousands of the Boy Scouts of America are proficient in what may become the international language of boys. The furnishing of a common means of communication between Boy Scouts has the sympathetic co-operation of scout leaders in all parts of the world, as it is in keeping with the scout program of international goodwill, the fostering of which is one of the foremost objectives of the jamboree.

SPECIAL FEATURES

The teaching of the Indian sign-language is only one of many special features which the nearly 1500 Boy Scouts of America attending the jamboree will take with them to entertain and instruct their fellow scouts from other lands.

One of the features of the American scouts' participation in the jamboree, will be a pageant of camping activities as conducted in America, extending over the full period of the jamboree from July 31st to August 13th. The pageant will be given by scouts representing every section of the country, and the scenes will depict camping activities from the early Indian days to the present time.

An effort is being made to take many things typically American to show to the scouts of the world. Some of the following will give an idea of the extensive plans in this direction. Scouts from Syracuse, N. Y., will live in a complete Adirondack wilderness camp, with a man-to-typical of that type of camping. They will make many types of baskets as handicraft activities. Belts of wampum, like those made from the seashore shells by the Long Island Indians are to be woven by the Jamboree Scouts of Nassau County, N. Y.

BIG PROGRAM

Another instance where the Indian idea will be used, will be at the camp of the Itasca Troop, which will consist of scouts from Minnesota and the Dakotas. They will set up an Ojibwa Indian Longhouse. They will make the Indian pipe of peace—the Calumet—from Minnesota's famous pipestone. The troop from Indianapolis, Ind., will take with them a "Covered Wagon," reproducing the historical prairie schooner. New Orleans, La., and Stamford, Ct., scouts will take with them and demonstrate their Pine Tree Patrol equipment. From the Pacific Northwest, and sponsored by the Seattle, Wash., Council will go a troop representing woodsmen of the Northwest and camping like them. Houston, Texas, scouts will camp as plainsmen and plains Indians, giving Indian and cowboy demonstrations. The Newtonville, Mass., jamboree troop will be equipped for camping as the ancient Norumbega tribe of Indians, when discovered by the Puritans. The scouts of Rome, N. Y., will make archery tackle.

The southwestern scouts, who will represent plains Indians, will be prepared to play the game of La Crosse, as the Indians of their area played it, with two La Crosse sticks. Other typical American games are to be played by American scouts, such as, of course, as baseball, basketball, and volleyball. This is to be done in the hope that the scouts of other lands will thus become acquainted with these games and join in their playing. As an evidence of their own interest in the spirit of brotherhood American scouts, will take with them samples of American scout handicraft for the purpose of exchanging samples with their fellow scouts from other lands.

CHAS. L. CLARK

719 Madison Ave.,
Scranton, Pa.

CALIFORNIA

The ruckus between Gorilla Jones and "Dummy" Fred Mahan Tuesday night, August 20th, at the Doyle Stadium found the dress circle section all occupied by the deaf fraternity—300 strong, a large portion being ladies, all there to root for "Dummy." The fight up to the sixth round kept the crowd on the *qui vive*, sending the blood surging through the veins as Mahan waded in with flailing left and right hand wallops which forced the black man to "take water." The sixth round was poison ivy to Mahan's many admirers, as he went down on all fours from a bone-crushing tap on the left "rump" and was counted out holding that position. During the five rounds Mahan was a mile ahead and going strong, and it is with much speculation why he chose to be counted out rather than to get to his feet after the count of eight and with tiger-instinct tactics wade in and finish his black foe, as he already had him feeling around for something to lean on. By so doing would be in line to fight Jackie Fields, holder of the world's welterweight title and thereby be hailed as the next welterweight champion.

The blow to the hop with the wet hard glove paralyzed the muscles in that region long enough to prevent his arising before the fatal "ten" as fanned into his face by the referee. Things like that will happen in the prize ring, but we are hoping it will not happen again to Mr. Mahan, who is a great fighter and no doubt will yet be able to fight his way up until he is the welterweight champion of the world.

The Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Doane Sunday, August 19th, with eleven couples present. "500," with durable presents at stake, was played. The winners were Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. West Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Townsend. Refreshments were served. Reports are the entertainment was full of mirth and enjoyment.

Mr. Melville Burns, a teacher at the North Dakota School for the Deaf, was vacationing for two weeks in California and while here visited Yellowstone Park and other noted resorts. He left via automobile August 10th, to resume his duties at the school. Mr. Burns is an old and staunch friend of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Elliott.

Hundreds of the "silents" of the city were out to the Mines Airport Field drinking in their fill of the great Graf Zep which arrived in Los Angeles late Sunday night. It's one great dirigible. Thousands upon thousands of people in every walk of life were there and remained until the great bird took off at midnight Monday.

President Elliott of the Sphinx, was a busy man during the week of the Mahan-Jones fight, interpreting for Mahan both at his training quarters and in the ring prior to the start of the fight, selling tickets to the hundreds of the deaf sporting fans and helping in many other ways.

Fred Willis, the mute, whose blow from the fist caused the death of an old hearing man a couple weeks ago, was exonerated from intentional blame at the inquest and also by the district attorney's office. Harper-Nash were representing him as his attorneys at the inquest.

Mr. Harry Stark, president of the A. C. D., hid himself into the city of Grafton, Neb., during the first week of August, returning with a blushing bride in the person of Miss Viola Connell. Mr. Stark is holding down a position as printer at one of Los Angeles printing firms, and informs us that his little "pard" and himself are making their home permanently in Los Angeles. They have the congratulations and best wishes of their many friends for a long and happy life.

Mr. Joe Kyncl, erstwhile treasurer of the A. C. D., and yer pencil-pusher were dropper-ins at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvis Hurt last week. A lot of tawdry was passed around, yet an enjoyable visit had. We notice since Mrs. Hurt has been out in Sunny California, she has improved much in health and looks, and her youngest daughter, Miss Violet, who arrived from Omaha last Sunday, Mrs. Hurt, as well as Alvis are certain to "build up" and be happy rest of their lives, as they are near all their children.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nash have moved into their new six-room home at 686 East 39th Street, from their four-year stay at 644 Gladys Avenue.

Miss Violet Hurt, the "baby" of Mr. and Mrs. Alvis Hurt, arrived Sunday from Omaha, Neb. The trip was made with a number of her friends via auto and Miss Hurt informs us riding in an auto, camping out and hiking at intervals "is the life." She is much pleased with Los Angeles, she says, and oh, so glad to be with her folks again.

Mr. M. Sawyer had the misfortune to sustain a painful burn of his left hand not long ago, and in consequence has been carrying the member in a sling. Ignited gasoline flaring was the cause. Mr. Sawyer resides at South Pasadena, north of Los Angeles, and conducts a profitable business as a dealer in junk.

Mrs. Evelyn Spats, of San Diego, Cal., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nash, spent the week of August 26th, with her parents and her four brothers, driving down in her Pierce Arrow car.

Mrs. Antoinette Kier was visiting her friends at Reseda, Cal., for a few days last week. Antoinette carries a

smile wherever she goes, and it is a pleasure to meet her.

Mr. Harry Whalen was one of the many that attended the "weenie roast" at Castle Rock last Saturday night. Harry is much sought after among the young ladies, as he has a way of dispersing the blues away.

Twenty-five cars with members of the Sphinx Club led by Elliott's car tracked into Castle Rock late Saturday night, leaving the Sphinx Club at 9 P. M. The jolly crowd were out for a moonlight "Weenie Roast." As your scribe mingled with the large crowd as they were making ready to leave the club, he noticed quite a few of the ladies "in knickers," giving him the hint that they were going prepared to scamper up the first handy tree, should Mr. Bruin take offense to their male attire and give chase, as once up a tree astride a strong branch they would be safe from the powerful squeeze of Mr. Funny Bear. The trip both ways was made without a single mishap and one great time had by all attending.

A baby shower party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Townsend last week. A bevy of "cuties" were there with their mothers.

The business meeting of the Sphinx Club tomorrow night is looked to with much interest as the Sphinx and A. C. D. will discuss matters pertaining to consolidating the two clubs with other important items of business brought up.

J. A. NASH.

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Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursday of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitor coming from a distance of over twenty five miles welcome. Samuel Frankenstein President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary 143 West 125th Street, New York City

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October 19, 1929

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December 10th, 12th, 14th, 1929

Fifth Annual Bazaar

under auspices of the
LADIES AUXILIARY

of the
Lutheran Mission to the Deaf

In aid of the Building Fund
at
Immanuel Parish Hall
177 South 9th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bet. Driggs Ave. and Roebling St., near Williamsburg Bridge Plaza

on
Thursday and Friday Evenings and
Saturday Afternoon

Nov. 28, 29 and 30th

Admission, 10 Cents

KATHERINE CHRISTGAU, Chairlady

Bunco and Dominoes Party

Over 25 Prizes to the Winners
under the auspices of the
LUTHERAN GUILD FOR THE DEAF

at
Immanuel Parish Hall

177 South 9th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bet. Driggs Ave. and Roebling St., near Williamsburg Bridge Plaza

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1929
at 8 o'clock P.M.

Admission - - - 50 cents
Including Refreshments

John Breden, Chairman, Mrs. K. Ruppel,
Mrs. K. Christgau, Mrs. A. Downs, Mrs. L. Brooks, John Nesgood, A. F. Schoenewaldt

Hallow Eve Party

Balloon, Beauty Contest
and Sack Race
given by

Brownsville Silent Club

at the
UNION LEAGUE HALL
143 West 125th Street, New York
Proceeds for Building Fund

Two silver loving cups will be awarded:-
1. To the most beautiful girl
2. To the one wearing the best costume
Also consolation prizes

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 26, 1929
Music at 7:30 P.M.

Admission - - - 75 Cents

Grand Annual Bal Masque

under auspices of the
SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB
of PHILADELPHIA

Saturday Evening
NOVEMBER 2, 1929

at
MOOSE HALL
1314 North Broad Street
Philadelphia

Subscription - - - One Dollar
Including Wardrobe
Excellent Music Cash Costume Prizes

RESERVED
W. P. A. S.
ST. ANN'S CHURCH
October 26, 1929

Reserved
MEN'S CLUB
St. Ann's Church for the Deaf
NOVEMBER 9, 1929
At 9th Regiment Armory

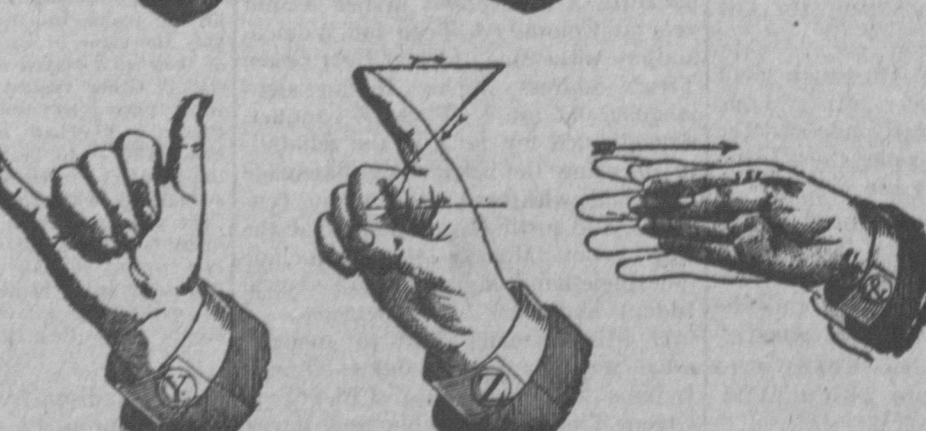
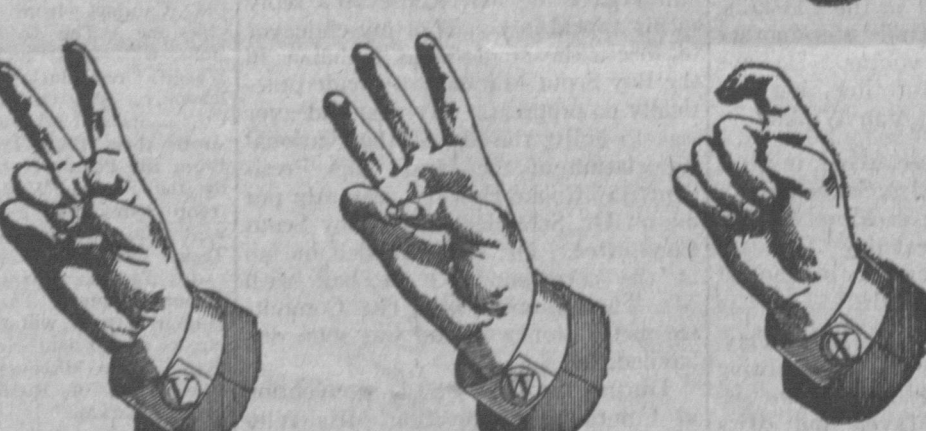
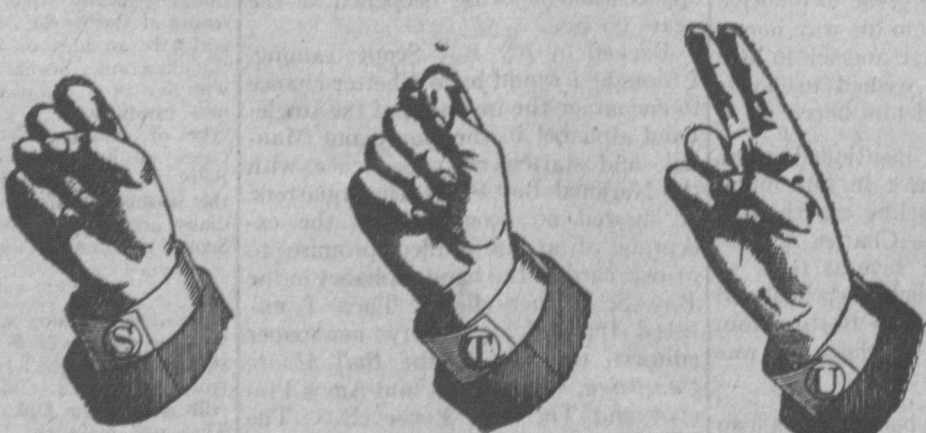
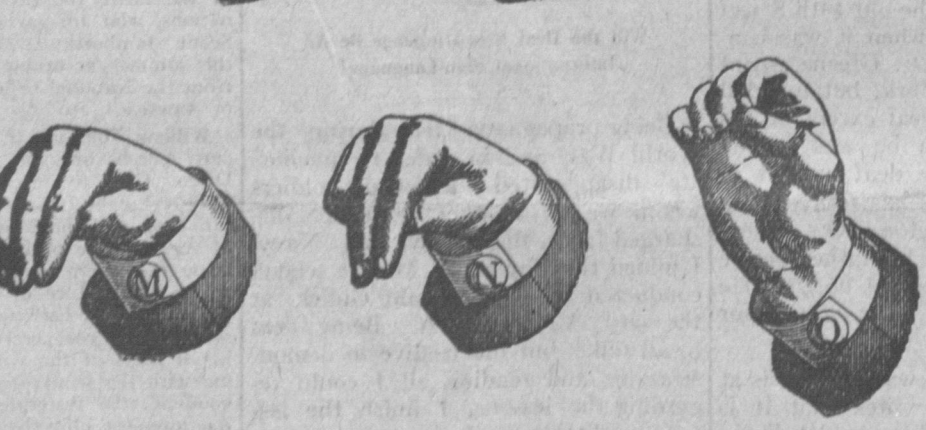
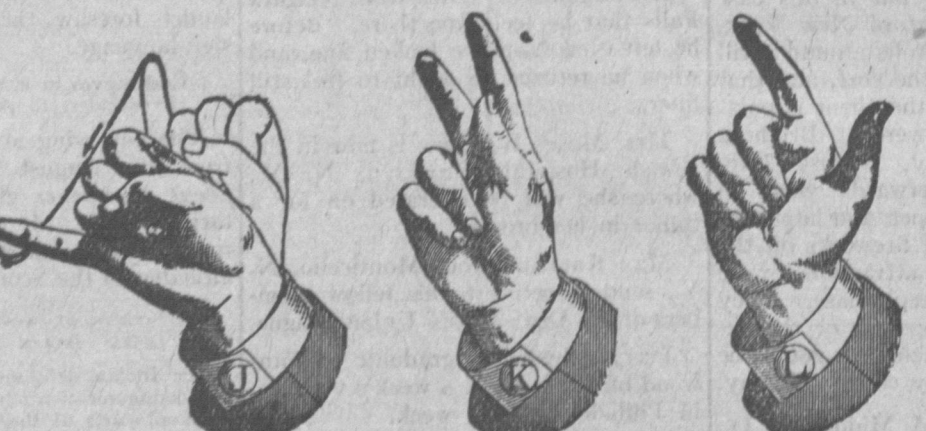
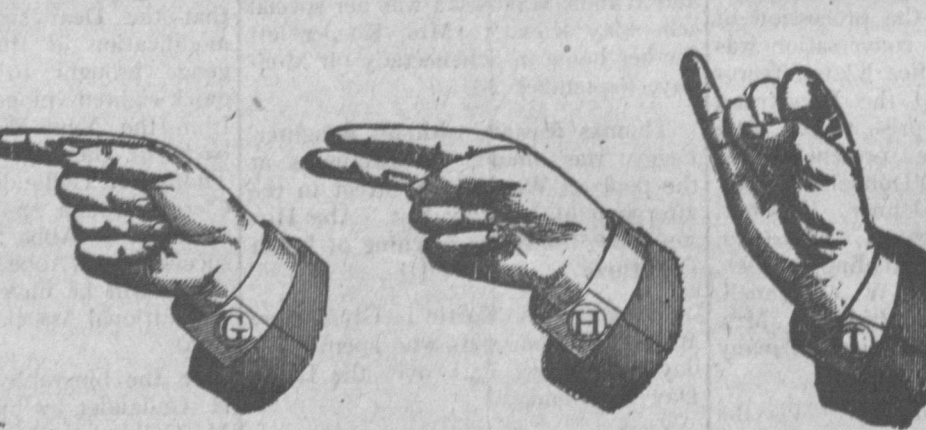
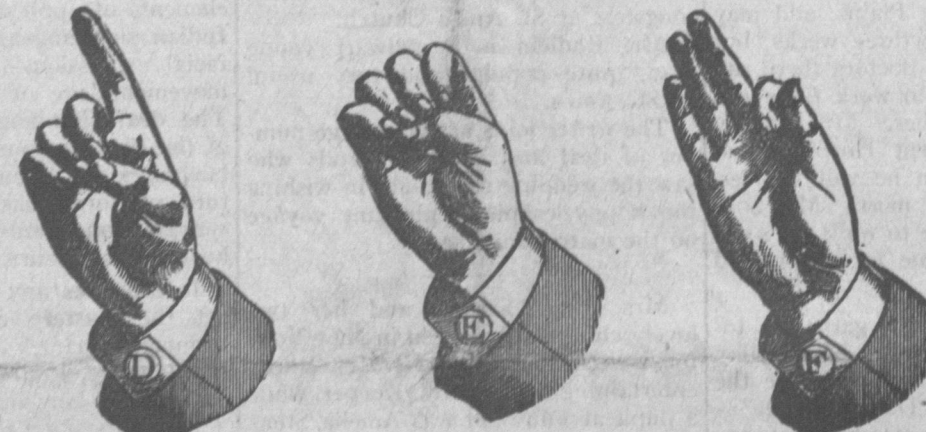
Reserved
Lexington Alumni Association
Saturday, January 18, 1930
7th Regiment Armory

RESERVED FOR
MARGRAF CLUB
November 2, 1929
December 11, 1929

TWENTIETH-FIRST ANNUAL
MASQUERADE AND BALL
BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D.
Saturday, March 8, 1930
COLUMBUS CLUB BALL ROOM
"The Ballroom Beautiful"

Reserved for
BROWNSVILLE SILENT CLUB
December 14, 1929

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET



KEEP THIS DATE IN MIND

DINNER DANCE

Under the auspices of the

Woman's Parish Aid Society
of St. Ann's Church

to be held in the

ASSEMBLY ROOM OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street,
New York City

Saturday, September 14, 1929

HOME COOKED DINNER

MUSIC

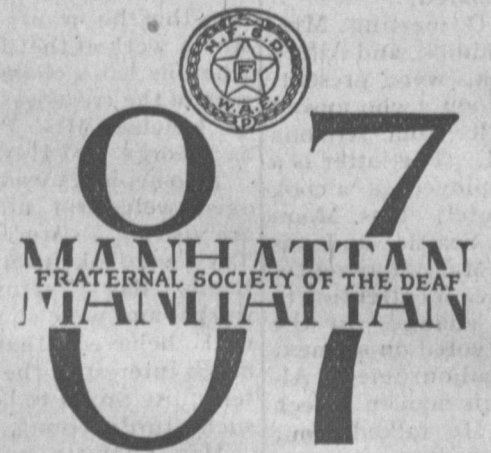
DANCING

ADMISSION, \$1.00

Cash Prizes for the Most Original, Comic and Unique Costumes

ADVERTISING COSTUME BALL

under auspices of



at

HUNTS POINT PALACE

163d Street and Southern Boulevard
Bronx, N. Y. C.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, 1929

UNSURPASSED MUSIC

ADMISSION, \$1.00

Take Lexington Ave. or 7th Ave. Subway (Bronx Park and 180th St. Line) get off at Simpson Street Station, walk one block to the hall.
Or take Lexington Ave. Subway (Pelham Bay Park or Hunt's Point Line) get off at Hunt's Point Avenue Station, walk one block to the hall.

SECOND ANNUAL

Masquerade Ball

under auspices of

NEW HAVEN DIVISION NO. 25

N. F. S. D.

MONTOWESE HALL

210 Meadow St., New Haven, Ct.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, 1929

At Eight o'clock

Large Cash Prizes Given for Three Costumes as Judged Best by a
Committee of Prominent Deaf

ADMISSION TO BALL - - - - 75 CENTS

To Reach Montowese Hall—As you leave R. R. Station, take car coming from your left marked B or B1 (Whalley Ave.) or (Country Club) or Q (Edgewood Ave.) Or walk, as it is only a short distance, nearly opposite the Hotel Royal, where excellent accommodations may be had for the night, if you reserve a room in advance.

For further information address the Secretary

CLARENCE BALDWIN
166 Dwight Street, New Haven, Ct.

COME TO BUFFALO—SEE NIAGARA FALLS

National Association of the Deaf

16th Triennial Convention

AND 4th World Congress of the Deaf
(TO BE HELD IN AMERICA)

BUFFALO, N. Y., August 4 to 9, 1930

Headquarters: HOTEL STATLER

Plan to take in this convention, which will celebrate the Golden Anniversary of the N. A. D. Come here to meet your friends and renew old friendships. Meet the delegates and visitors from foreign countries. Witness the dedication and erection of the \$10,000 Abbe de l'Epee Statue

— FREE —

CHARLES N. SNYDER, Secretary-Publicity
58 Harrison Avenue, Lockport, N. Y.

COME TO BUFFALO—SEE ROYCROFT TOWN